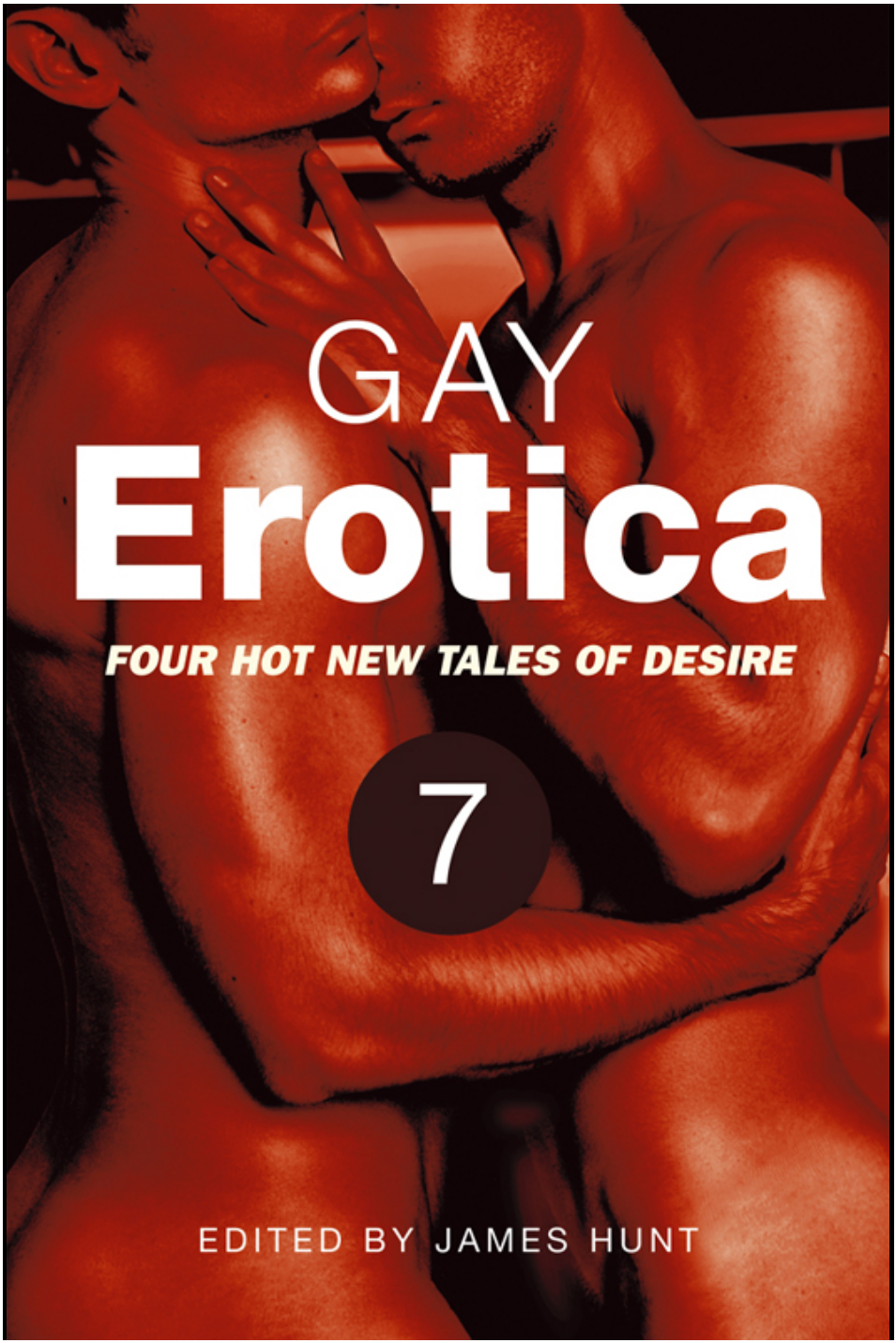
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Gay EROTICA

Volume 7

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BRODY AND THE BOY BENCH

G. R. Richards

It was the last thing in the world Brody expected to find. He walked Patch in this park every day, and he'd never noticed anything untoward. But maybe that was because the bench was shielded on three sides by a thick cloak of pine trees, and for some reason faced away from the dirt path.

Of course, the bench itself wasn't what had captured Brody's attention. It was the people on the bench that really interested him. He'd heard their voices and stopped short, pulling Patch's leash hard enough to make the poor dog whine.

"Yeah, touch it."

A man's voice, deep and confident. *Touch what?* Brody was pretty sure he knew, but he had to see what was going on behind those trees.

"Wow, it's hard as wood." This lisping voice was distinctly male, though much higher than the first. "You've got the biggest cock I've ever seen."

The deep voice laughed at that obvious flattery, but now Brody was even more tempted to catch a glimpse of these guys. Were they naked, or fully clothed with just their dicks sticking out their open flies? That would be the way to go, Brody figured, in a public park where they might be caught at any moment. They were deep in the woods, granted, and Brody walked here every day and hardly met another soul. So, hell, maybe they were naked after all. Brody just had to find out.

"You afraid of my big black cock?" That was the deep voice again.

The higher voice let out a witchy cackle. "Honey, I'm not afraid of anything."

"Then how come you're hardly touching it? Come on, now, grab my cock."

"What does it feel like I'm doing?" the lisping boy whined.

Deep Voice said, "Here, let me show you how it's done."

The men moaned in unison, and then they went quiet and the only sound Brody could hear was the unmistakable flap of hands on dicks. This he had to see!

Tiptoeing between two of the outlying pines, Brody poked his head between branches, praying Patch would keep quiet just long enough for him to see something good. Thankfully, this part of the forest was populated by pine trees; the carpet of needles underfoot didn't crunch the way dried leaves would.

He could see them now, sort of. There were still branches in the way. Brody stood some way behind the bench and off to the side, but he could make out Deep Voice's broad shoulders and the back of the guy's bald head. Lispy had a mop of wheat-colored hair and seemed to be wearing a grocery-store uniform.

But the two things Brody most wanted to see were blocked by the angle of the bench and the men's bodies. They were sitting mighty close, those two. Brody could tell by the motion of Lispy's right shoulder that he was jerking off Deep Voice. Curiously, both the black man's shoulders were heaving. Brody itched to get a look at what was happening on the other side of that goddamn bench. His cock strained against his jeans so hard it hurt. Why couldn't he see what he wanted to see?

"Dude, you're crushing my fingers," Lispy said in a whisper.

One of Deep Voice's shoulders stopped moving, and he shook his right hand out at his side. "How's that?"

Ahh, so that was the story: not only had Deep Voice been playing with Lispy's dick, he'd wrapped his hand around the little guy's fist for added pressure. The very idea of a big black hand enveloping a little white hand, both jerking the guy off together, made Brody's cock strain harder against his fly. His erection had grown too damn big to stay in his pants. He needed to unzip.

"You gotta make me come fast," Lispy pleaded. "Fuck, my lunch break's almost over and I gotta run all the way back to the parking lot . . ."

"Oh, you're not leaving until I blow my load," Deep Voice shot back. That statement would have seemed threatening if the guy's tone hadn't been so playful.

"I'm gonna be late for work!" The young guy's voice sounded pinched, strained, even higher than before. He tossed his head back, and his hair danced behind the bench. There was a lot of it, and Brody wondered how those wheat-gold strands would feel tickling his thighs.

Lispy had beautiful lips, full and pink. What Brody wouldn't give to feel them wrapped around his shaft. Fuck, he needed to unzip his jeans. Why couldn't he work up the nerve?

The slap of hands on dicks grew quicker, slicker, as the men's moans evolved into groans and grunts. They were coming, both of them, and Brody didn't even have the guts to stroke his huge hard-on over his jeans. He was so afraid that if he moved, the guys on the bench would turn around and, God, he'd be so embarrassed.

"Fuck, I'm gonna blow!" Lispy cried, his voice a barely audible whine.

Deep Voice went totally in the opposite direction, booming out, "Awwww yeah!"

Their excitement was too much for Patch, who'd been perfectly quiet until that moment. The rumbling explosions on the bench made him jump and bark, and both men snapped their heads around to see what was going on. Stunned, Brody latched the shaggy young guy's gaze and, for what felt like a very long time, he couldn't break away.

Patch wouldn't stop barking, and Brody could only apologize and pretend he hadn't been standing there watching for the past five minutes. Thank God his cock wasn't hanging out of his pants! He ran all the way back to the parking lot.

His dick was still rock solid when he got to the car. He urged Patch into the back seat and pulled out of there as fast as his lead foot would take him. He'd never been so embarrassed in all his life. He'd never been so turned on in all his life, either. It was a bizarre combination of emotions.

Patch went straight to his water bowl when they got home, and Brody opted for a bowl of cornflakes. Maybe dull foods would dull his senses and bring his raging erection down. No such luck. He paced the floors, turned on the computer, then

sorted through his porn DVDs. No, nothing appealed to him. He cupped his bulge through his jeans, rubbing the head of his cock with his palm. No, that wasn't good enough. Nothing would be good enough, nothing but that goddamn bench. He had to go. Now.

"Back in a while," he called to Patch, grabbing his keys but nearly forgetting to lock the door. He strained to keep from speeding all the way back to the park, and when he got to the lot he almost jumped out of the car without turning it off.

Though he walked by the pine trees hiding that secluded bench every day, damned if Brody could locate it now. Where the hell had it gone? He felt like he was running in circles. And then, finally, there it was! He approached slowly, peeking around the trees, but the bench was empty. Disappointment twisted his guts into knots, but what had he expected? Did he really think those two guys would still be there after all this time?

With a heavy sigh, Brody rested his weary butt on the bench and stretched his arms across the back. Closing his eyes, he concentrated on the erection pummeling against his jeans. What was he going to do about that? Jerk off out here, in the middle of the forest?

Hell, why not?

Just as Brody reached one hand down to unbutton and unzip, a voice like warm milk said, "Mind if I join you?"

Stunned, Brody covered his erection, though it was still in his pants. "Uhh . . . sure."

The guy was definitely a few years older. He was neat and lean, a full head of black hair dappled with gray, and a striking silver beard.

"No, leave it," the man said when Brody started to move his arm off the back of the bench. "I don't mind getting cosy."

"Oh . . ." Brody stammered. "Good."

"It's your first time, isn't it?" Silver Beard smelled like a salad, the kind with chicken and mandarin oranges and sesame dressing. The aroma made Brody hungry in every way possible.

"First time?" Brody felt like an idiot. He had no idea what to say.

"First time at the Boy Bench."

Brody gulped, though he wanted to laugh. "Boy Bench?"

"I suppose it ought to be called a Man Bench, but alliterations are fun, don't you think?" This guy was so well spoken Brody would have been intimidated in any other setting. "You're here for a *handout*, shall we say?"

This was starting to make sense now. "Oh . . . yeah." Brody let himself laugh. His heart stopped racing, but his dick still pounded his jeans. "You want to . . .? Should I . . .?" He never did this sort of thing. He wasn't sure how to get started.

Silver Beard peeled Brody's fingers away from his crotch and let out an impressed whistle. "We *are* eager!"

"Yeah, well . . ." Brody chuckled sheepishly. "I saw some guys here earlier and I couldn't get it out of my mind."

"Ahhh." Silver Beard nodded like a wise master. "Yes, the Boy Bench certainly has that effect. Now whip it out. Let's have a look."

Brody was so goddamn horny he complied without question. The moment his fly was open his cock sprang out like a jack-in-the-box. He pushed his jeans down past his knees because the sharp metal teeth of his zipper made him nervous.

Silver Beard growled when Brody revealed his erection, and that sound made his cock jump like it was begging for the man's touch. He was so hard it hurt.

"Impressive." Silver Beard raised his silver eyebrows. "Why don't you get started and I'll join in when the old boy is ready."

What could he say? Brody would have given a limb to feel another man's touch right now, but he was never one to make waves. "OK. Sure, no problem."

While Silver Beard squeezed his own crotch through fitted grey flannels, Brody wrapped his hand around his dick. He couldn't contain the deep moan that escaped his lips.

"Sounds like you've been waiting all day for that."

"Feels like I've been waiting *all year* for it!" Brody teased just beneath his cockhead, circling his thumb and index finger around his girth. Grasping that flesh, he urged it upward until it partially covered his tip. "Oh, Christ, that's good."

"Mmmm." Silver Beard was hard beneath his flannels now, and he traced his hand up and down that bulging outline. "Sounds as good as it looks."

Teasing his fat tip, Brody surprised himself by saying, "It would look even better with someone else's fist wrapped around it."

With a devious chuckle, Silver Beard asked, "Did you have anyone in mind?"

"Well, *you're* right here." Brody slipped his arm from around the suave man's shoulder and let their fingers mesh over the flannel bulge. Silver Beard's cock thwacked the fabric as they petted it together.

It was a bit of a shock when the older man kissed him, but it felt so good Brody just went with it. That tongue was a miracle of nature, moving in his mouth like a hurricane, and it tasted of sesame and orange. It had been ages since he'd kissed a guy with facial hair, and the grizzly tickle felt so damn good he found himself edging to the side just to get a little more.

The sound of Silver Beard's belt unbuckling and fly unzipping bolted through his body like lightning. In seconds, Brody had a hard cock in each hand, and he moved closer to the man in flannel trousers, like a moth to a flame.

Even with his eyes closed, he could feel the curve in Silver Beard's dick, and it made him wonder what this guy thought of him. That his dick was bulbous toward the tip? That his ball hair was in bad need of a trim? That he had cornflakes breath?

They hadn't yet broken from their tempestuous kiss when Silver Beard gripped Brody's cock. He felt strangely protective of it for a moment, but cajoled himself into handing over his most precious possession. This was good. Now he could concentrate his full attention on giving a good hand job. Though, how could he concentrate fully when this stranger was jerking him off and kissing him, driving him into such a frenzy of lust he felt like he was drowning in it?

Brody thrust into Silver Beard's fist. Some lotion or lube would have been nice, but the lack of it made this encounter all the more gritty, and Brody savored that sensation like a morsel of steak. He couldn't keep his hips down. Christ, he'd been hard for so long he just had to come. It wouldn't be long now. His thighs were already trembling and his balls were so tight against his body he thought they might

jump back inside.

He moaned into Silver Beard's mouth, but soon had to break the kiss to cry out, "Aww yeah, man, aww yeah!"

Brody looked down just in time to see an explosion of jizz soar from his cock, arcing in the forest air before landing, a wet mess in the pine needles. The bursts of come didn't stop there, and Brody felt like his essence was being sucked from his body. The jeans around his ankles were streaked with the stuff by the time he noticed he wasn't stroking Silver Beard at all. His fist was locked around the guy's dick, but he wasn't moving.

Feeling like a selfish ass, Brody started up again, but he was too exhausted to do a great job. A little piece of him wanted to give up until Silver Beard started grunting like an animal and fucking his hand.

"Are you going to come?" Brody asked in disbelief. Had he really done enough to give this guy an orgasm?

Silver Beard cupped his balls with one hand, squeezing that gray-haired sac, while Brody shuttled up and down the man's curved hard-on. Yes he was tired, but his arm was hell-bent on coaxing a climax out of this guy before exhaustion took over completely. He knew it was working when Silver Beard started panting and bucking, shoving that keen cock through Brody's clenched fist.

"Come," Brody begged. "Spill it, man. Come on, jizz all over me."

Leaning against Brody's shoulder, Silver Beard gave one last thrust and then shuddered as hot cream blasted from his dick. He spilled his come all over Brody's thighs. The scorching heat from that sticky stuff made Brody's spent cock twitch.

They sat together, shoulder to shoulder, for a long, dazed moment. It took a while for Silver Beard to catch his breath. When he did, he chuckled and asked, "Did you enjoy your first time on the Boy Bench?"

That had to be a rhetorical question.

"Trust me," Brody said, "I'll be back soon."

INTO THE VALLEY

Michael Blake

The military jacket changed everything.

Until Jez swaggered into the Kick Club wearing it, oozing confidence from every pore, Darren had him down as just another wannabe rock star, half in love with his own badboy persona. The kind who'll have you pressed up against the edge of the stage, gazing up as you chant the lyrics along with him and hoping for any sign from him to acknowledge you exist, that you're the one he'll be looking for when the lights go up. And all the time you're dreaming about what it would be like to have him spread out before you, stripped to the skin, with his hot, hard cock in your hand as you lick and stroke and rub. Needing to feel him inside you, fucking you, possessing you, knowing he'll be gone when you wake up, but willing to do anything for just one night with him. Only a few singers really know how to milk that adoration, that frantic need, and Darren knew Jez dreamed of being one of them. Whether he'd succeed was quite another matter.

Jez and Darren's brother, Russ, had formed their band in the garage of Jez's parents' house, and from everything he'd heard of their rackety, shambolic rehearsals, they seemed destined to stay there. Somehow, though, Violet Craze had managed to secure themselves a handful of gigs in local pubs and actually acquired a small but devoted following. Friday night at the Kick, playing support to a Thin Lizzy tribute band, was their biggest and most prestigious gig so far, and Jez had determined to find a stage outfit to suit the occasion.

The rest of the band was deeply unimpressed with his new jacket, which he claimed to have discovered lurking on a rail in the charity shop on the high street.

"D'you like it, lads?" he asked, posing with the mike stand in his hand and the jacket unbuttoned to show his taut, lightly tanned chest and stomach.

"Makes you look like a pound-shop Pete Doherty," Russ commented.

"Yeah, if we see the rest of the Light Brigade, we'll tell them you're looking for them," Gary, the drummer, added with a snigger.

Sitting on the lip of the stage, watching them banter, Darren said nothing. Though he didn't want to admit it, he actually thought the tight-fitting jacket, with its brocaded epaulettes and gleaming brass buttons, made Jez look really horny.

For as long as he'd been around the band, Darren had suspected Jez was gay. He was good-looking in a dirty kind of way, with heavy-lidded blue eyes that always seemed to be undressing the audience and unruly dark hair that fell almost to his shoulders, and he invariably had a gaggle of girls following him around, trying to get

into his pants. No one but Darren seemed to notice how Jez constantly discouraged those girls, claiming he was trying to be faithful to his girlfriend, who was studying in New York. Darren was convinced the girlfriend was simply a fiction, a convenient smokescreen to hide Jez's true inclinations. The rest of the band didn't care – fewer girls for Jez meant more for them, as it seemed most of the girls who hung round them just wanted to fuck a guy in a band, no matter who he was or what he looked like. Too busy enjoying a post-gig blow job from some eager groupie, they never paid attention to the fact Jez always went home alone.

Not that Darren had any intention of hooking up with Jez. As the band's manager, he knew mixing business with pleasure was the quickest way to ruin whatever success they might be on the threshold of achieving. He didn't want to wake up in the morning and regret what he'd done the night before, and he didn't want to be tossed aside in favor of someone Jez might find more exciting, more suited to the louche and dangerous image he liked to project. So he kept his distance, trying not to think about the last time he'd been brought off by anything apart from his own hand. The sight of Jez, standing there with the jacket undone and the crotch of his skin-tight black jeans leaving nothing to the imagination, made that task all the more difficult.

"Come on, lads, we've got a van to unload," he announced above the chatter. "Unless you don't want to bother with any kind of soundcheck tonight?"

The mention of the soundcheck made the trio glance at the clock above the bar, realizing how little time they had before the paying punters started filing into the club. The van they used to transport their gear – borrowed from Gary's sister, who ran a florist's business – stood in the car park. If they ever hit the big time, Darren would make sure they no longer needed to turn up at gigs in a white Citroën Berlingo with "Billie's Blooms" painted on the side.

Still joshing Jez about his eclectic choice of stage gear, they headed out to collect their instruments and small but potent amplifiers. Darren left them to it; his work was done until it came to pick up the fee for the band's appearance at the end of the evening. He reached for his cigarettes and lighter and went outside for a smoke, hoping the cool evening air would clear his head and blow away the filthy fantasies Jez's unexpected appearance in that military jacket had aroused in him.

Violet Craze took to the stage just before half past eight. The small, low-ceilinged room with its raised stage was busier than Darren might have expected, with a fair proportion of those who filled it actually getting into the music. Sometimes, the band struggled to be heard over the sound of people carrying on their conversations, but tonight their brand of urgent, uptempo rock had grabbed the crowd's attention.

Jez, always the showman, strutted across the boards, radiating a raw, compelling sexuality as he belted out the lyric to what Darren considered the band's best song, "Take You Down". Watching from the side of the stage, Darren couldn't take his eyes off the singer, riveted by the shiny buttons running the length of Jez's jacket and noting how they drew attention to his bare, sweat-sheened abs. His gaze dropped lower, lingering on the heavy silver belt buckle, slung low on Jez's hips, and, beneath that, the all too prominent swell of his cock, obvious to everyone in the front row.

"Let me take you down, down where you've never been before," Jez growled, thrusting his crotch suggestively in time to the music.

In his mind's eye, Darren pictured himself reaching for that belt buckle,

wrenching it open before popping the fly of Jez's jeans, so he could grasp the singer's hard dick in his hot greedy fist. He shouldn't be thinking this, he knew, but he couldn't stop wondering how it would feel to run his fingers along Jez's length. Was it smooth or veined, cut or uncut? When it was free of those tight-fitting pants, did it curve to the side or stand straight up, ready to be sucked? One thing was for sure: Darren knew there wouldn't be anything in the way of underwear to impede his access.

Visions of taking the tight mushroom head of Jez's cock between his lips had Darren's own dick straining to be released. He ached to go into the gents' and take himself in hand, but that was hardly the most professional of behavior. Instead, he held his station in the wings, trying to will away his hard-on even as Jez's every movement, every throaty howl stoked the fires of his lust even higher. More than once, he caught Jez's eye as the singer's head turned in his direction. Could Jez see the lust shining in his gaze? Was it only in Darren's imagination that he didn't immediately break eye contact?

At last, the band reached the end of their final number, lingering power chords dying away to leave behind the hum of feedback. "You've been a great audience, thanks!" Jez yelled, milking the applause that rang round the room.

"That went well," Darren said, proud of the reception Violet Craze had received. They'd get more bookings on the strength of tonight's performance, he knew it. "There's a few beers waiting for us in the green room, if anyone fancies a drink."

"Maybe later, mate." Russ brushed past Darren in his eagerness to get off stage. "There's a little blonde who's been giving me the eye all night, and I'm going to see if she's up for it."

Gary followed him, leaving Darren and Jez alone. When Darren tried to ask Jez if he wanted a beer, his voice emerged as a croak. Usually so confident he could deal with any situation, from changing a flat tire on the Berlingo to facing down a promoter trying to lower the band's fee for the evening, he couldn't explain why he now struggled to put together a simple sentence. Did Jez know how badly he wanted him? Was the scent of desire coming off him as strongly as the singer exuded the sweat of his energetic performance and the strong musk of aroused male?

Jez rescued the situation, pushing open the door of the cramped room designed to offer bands a space to relax before and after they went on stage. As promised, a dozen bottles of lager stood on a rickety, cloth-covered table. Jez pried the top off one and handed it to Darren before taking another for himself. He didn't move to drink it, though. Instead, his gaze seemed fixed on the neck of the bottle disappearing between Darren's lips as he took a long, thirsty gulp.

"You needed that, didn't you?" Jez murmured. "But I think there's something else you need even more."

Even though the cold lager had lubricated Darren's dry throat, he still found it hard to shape the words to reply. "What are you talking about, Jez?"

"Come on, I've seen the way you've been looking at me all evening." Jez took a pace closer, reaching to tuck a stray curl of blond hair behind Darren's ear. "You want me, don't you?"

"I . . . I . . ."

Jez put a finger to Darren's lips. "It's all right, Darren. I want you, too. I have

pretty much since the moment we met. Just didn't see you ever making a move."

The tension between them was so tangible, Darren wanted to reach out a hand and crush it to nothing. Knowing Jez felt the same way made his cock surge up even harder, but he still fought to deny the attraction. "I can't do this. I'm your manager. We've got to keep things professional between us."

"Says who? The gig's over; we don't have to worry about anything except this . . ." Jez reached out, pressed the flat of his hand to the hard-on in Darren's jeans, totally in charge of the situation. "So why don't you give my cock the same treatment you were giving that bottle a minute ago?"

Such an outrageous request, but one Darren was powerless to resist. Dropping to his knees, not caring that Russ or Gary might have failed to hook up with the girls they'd been chasing and come into the green room in search of a drink, he unfastened Jez's fly as expertly as he had in his fantasies. Just as he'd imagined, Jez wore nothing underneath, and his cock sprang out, a solid, suckable bar, head already poking free from its foreskin. Taking it into his mouth, Darren tasted briny drops of sweat and pre-come and licked them up with relish. Jez hissed between his teeth at the sensation of being slowly, steadily gobbled down Darren's throat. Glancing up into Jez's face, Darren smiled around the fat shaft stretching his lips. If the singer's half-closed eyes and corded neck muscles were any indication, he was loving Darren's skillful blow job. Cupping Jez's taut, shaved balls in his fingers, Darren redoubled his efforts to make the other man come.

"Need to fuck you," Jez groaned. "Need to stick my cock in your tight arse."

He pulled his cock from Darren's oral embrace, stepped out of his jeans and threw them aside. Darren thought he'd never seen Jez looking more magnificent, wearing nothing but the military jacket, his erect cock glistening with Darren's saliva. He couldn't wait to have that gorgeous tool buried deep in his rear passage, and he undressed with trembling fingers. Jez joined in, helping Darren off with his boots, so that soon he, too, was naked from the waist down. Hard as his dick already was, he couldn't resist giving it a few slow tugs, aware of Jez's eyes following the stately progression of his fist along its length.

Jolts of sensation at the root of his cock warned him much more of that treatment would have him spilling his load before he was ready. "How do you want me, Jez?" he asked.

"Over the table," Jez ordered.

Obediently, Darren grabbed hold of the edge of the table, feeling it rock slightly as he bent over it; he wondered if it would be able to bear the weight of both of them. Not that it bothered Jez. He spat on Darren's crack and then used his heavily beringed fingers to rub the makeshift lubricant into his manager's arsehole, opening him up with surprising ease.

"Are you ready for me?" Jez muttered in his ear.

"God, yes," Darren replied. "Fuck me."

The main act for the night had taken to the stage; as Jez pushed his cock into Darren's hole, filling it to the limit, the muffled opening bars of a Thin Lizzy number reached them through the walls. It reminded them real life was carrying on everywhere around them, but to Darren, the music sounded as though it was coming from a million miles away, so wrapped up was he in the feeling of Jez plowing him

with fast, remorseless strokes. He could feel the buttons on Jez's jacket tapping against the bare expanse of his lower back, like cold, wicked little fingertips tickling his skin. Behind him, Jez grunted with the effort of plowing Darren's arse.

"God, it feels so good to be all the way inside you," Jez gasped, his movements speeding up, losing their mechanical smoothness as his orgasm approached. The table juddered and creaked, bottles rattling alarmingly, but both men were too far gone to worry about the prospect of its imminent collapse. "Going to come. Can't hold back any longer."

His words caused Darren to reach for his own cock, wanking it hard. Just before Jez pulled out to spatter his come over Darren's arse, he erupted in pleasure, spunk gushing out over his fist.

They collapsed into each other's embrace, sharing a long, tender kiss.

"That was amazing," Jez said, when they finally broke apart. "Well worth the wait."

"If I'm honest, we'd still be waiting," Darren replied, reaching for his discarded jeans. "But when I saw you in that jacket, I just couldn't pretend I didn't want you any longer."

"So, you're a secret uniform fetishist, eh?"

"I wouldn't say that exactly, but you do look fucking amazing in that thing, whatever the rest of the band think."

"Oh, who cares what they think?" Fully dressed now, Jez grabbed a handful of bottles from the stash on the table. Pushing open the green room door, letting the sounds of the tribute act assault their ears at full volume, he added, "Let's go back to my place, drink these and you can show me again just how much you love a man in uniform."

"Sounds like a plan to me," Darren said with a smile, and followed him out into the night.

THE FITTING ROOM

Richard Hiscock

For three weeks everywhere Brad went he kept seeing the same guy. It was quite bizarre. At first he thought it must have been a coincidence but it was almost as if he was being followed. But why? He tried to approach the guy but whenever he'd attempt to, the guy would disappear. It was driving him nuts.

He had a formal work dinner to attend and decided to buy himself a new suit. He was searching through the racks for his size when a husky voice made his senses prickle and come to life.

Turning, he felt his mouth drop open when he saw who it was.

"Excuse me, can I help you?" the voice asked again.

It was him. The guy who had been following him around, standing right next to him.

"Er, yeah," Brad said, totally taken aback. "I'm looking for a suit."

"Obviously," he said, smiling as he pulled out his tape measure.

Brad wondered if he was having the same sort of effect on this guy as he was having on him. As a lawyer, he didn't usually get rattled by people, but there was something about this guy that had him feeling anxious and insecure. He was desperate not to come across as someone simple but for a moment he was lost for words.

The sales assistant was gorgeous. He had the cutest dimples and was wearing the hottest aftershave Brad had ever smelled – or was it just because it was on him? His head spun, his senses reeling.

The guy knelt to the floor at Brad's feet and Brad's cock instantly sprang to life. He tried thinking of tractors, building projects, work, anything at all except what he was doing. The guy peered up at him with his baby-blue eyes as he placed the tape up from his shoes to the inside of his crotch, his fingers ever so lightly grazing his balls.

Brad almost swooned.

"What do you think about that?" he asked.

Brad nearly said, "Think about what?" until he realized the sales assistant was talking about the measurement for length. "Seems fine to me," he muttered, unable to take his eyes off the man, his blond hair bobbing about as he continued with his dimensions. Watching him, Brad wondered what it would be like to feel the guy's mouth around his cock, his fingers running through his blond hair while he fucked his mouth. He couldn't help himself, his thoughts racing out of control.

Again he tried to conjure up tractors, anything except what he was really thinking.

"Why don't you slip into the fitting room and take off your clothes? I'll be there in a minute," the assistant said.

It was an innocent enough comment but because the assistant was having such an effect on him all Brad could think about was sex. What if he was reading him wrong? The guy could have him up on sexual-harassment charges. He had to be careful not to do anything that could affect his career.

He gulped as he peered around the shop. There were no other customers and, apart from some old guy behind the counter, they were alone.

There was nothing in the guy's demeanor to suggest anything untoward but even so Brad was pleased he'd worn his briefest jocks. Brad had a good build; he worked out three times a week and was proud of his body. He quickly stripped and hung up his clothes. The anticipation and longing for this guy had him trying to cover his erection.

Suddenly, the curtain parted and the assistant squeezed into the cubicle, immediately lunging for him. "Nice," he said, feeling Brad's cock through the material. "Very nice."

They were only inches apart with the guy's hand on the front of Brad's jocks. Brad could feel his breath on his face as he spoke. His lips pursed and it took all of Brad's willpower not to kiss him, to grab him by the neck and crush his mouth to his own.

The guy's fingers yanked down Brad's jocks and Brad kicked them off his feet. His cock throbbed, happy to be released. He pulled at his shaft and Brad leaned back against the wall, his flesh pressed against the cold mirror, his legs like jelly as the guy's hand roamed over his torso.

"Oh, God," Brad breathed, totally exhilarated, the atmosphere in this tiny cubicle charged with sexual tension.

Brad wanted to ask the man who he was and why he'd been following him, but right then he didn't want to do anything that would distract the guy from what he was actually going to do.

The guy's fingers trailed down, tugging at Brad's pubic hair before roaming further to cup his balls. He held them gently in the palm of his hand, rolling them around before giving them a squeeze, his eyes never leaving Brad's as though daring him to make him stop. That was never going to happen. Brad's cock was throbbing like crazy and his mouth went dry as the guy fell to his knees before him.

"Hmm," he said. "That's one big cock you've got there. I knew it would be."

Brad knew if he kept up with this it would get even bigger, but he said nothing as it pulsated in the guy's hand, pre-come oozing from the slit. He milked the shaft up and down and Brad watched his tongue flicker out, the tip licking his slit clean.

"Want me to suck your cock?" He stared up at Brad through long lashes.

Brad nodded, unable to speak, not wanting to break the spell of this encounter and, as the guy's mouth descended over his knob, he stroked the guy's hair before tugging at it, teasing him by pulling him almost away from his cock and then allowing his head to fall again.

The guy's tongue flickered around the underside of the knob before his teeth nipped gently at the skin. Saliva pooled in his mouth as he began to suck Brad deep

into his throat.

"Oh, God." Brad was almost breathless. "Yeah, man, suck it."

"You like me sucking your cock, don't you?" the assistant said, withdrawing and pumping crazily.

"Oh, yeah. Suck my dick, man."

This guy was incredible.

Now he sucked harder, deeper, and Brad grabbed his head with both hands and thrust himself deep into the guy's throat. The guy held onto Brad's hips while he swallowed Brad's shaft right down to the base of his cock, his tongue slipping out to caress his balls. Brad thrust forward, straining, amazed the guy could take it all, while he pushed back in eagerly, smothering himself into his groin.

"Glen," a voice yelled out.

"Shit, it's the manager," the assistant said, wiping his mouth as Brad's rock-hard cock fell from it. "Wait here."

What the hell else could Brad do with this raging hardon? He stared at his reflection in the mirror, noting just how fabulous his cock looked as it glistened with saliva. He stroked it lovingly, eyeing the taut muscles in his arm as he worked on it, wondering what was going on out there, if the manager had any idea what they'd been up to.

Glen was back in a flash, peeking through the parting of the curtains. "Keeping yourself busy I see," he chuckled eyeing his meat.

"Get back in here," Brad said assertively, some of the lawyer in him surfacing, the guy who usually liked to call the shots.

"Want to suck my cock?" Glen whispered cheekily, and of course Brad nodded.

Glen pushed half his body through the curtains, his pelvis jutting forward. Brad fell to his knees and quickly undid Glen's zip and pulled out his cock. It throbbed in Brad's hand as he marveled at its thickness. Brad peered up and Glen smiled down at him, nodding his head for Brad to hurry.

Brad swallowed him down with one quick suck, pulling back just a fraction as Glen's cock hit the back of his throat, nearly gagging him. Brad heard Glen chuckle, obviously pleased with his own size and Brad's eagerness to repay him for what he'd just given him.

Glen thrust his cock further in and Brad gobbled him down quickly, sucking hard as his mouth struggled to swallow all of him.

"Aggh," Glen moaned. "Oh, God, yeah. Oh, fuck! Suck harder."

Saliva was dribbling out of Brad's mouth as he wrestled with the enormous cock. He could feel Glen stiffening and was expecting him to come in his mouth, but instead his hands pulled at Brad's hair and he gently pushed him away.

Gasping for breath, Glen whispered, "Bend over. Bring your arse over here."

Brad was happy to oblige. He pushed his arse into the opening at the curtains and felt Glen's wet knob probing his puckered hole. His own cock stiffened instantly as Glen began to inch his gigantic cock in. To Brad's surprise, within seconds Glen sank his shaft deep inside him. It was heaven. Grabbing hold of his hips, Glen began to pump rhythmically all the while keeping an eye out for the manager.

"Oh, fuck, you feel so good," Glen moaned, as Brad watched him in the mirror.

Glen began slamming into him and Brad held onto the wall to steady himself. Glen pushed in harder, his fingers digging into Brad's arse cheeks as he spread them wider while pummeling him.

Brad, always conservative, had never had such an erotic encounter, never done anything so outrageous in his life. The fear of being caught only heightened his longing.

"Glen," the manager yelled again.

He pumped harder, faster. "Just a minute," he yelled, "I'm coming."

He was coming all right, coming like a locomotive.

His fingers dug into Brad's hips, tearing the flesh as he thrust in deeper, harder, pounding into him. Brad was sweating as he peered up into the mirror and saw Glen's face contort, knew that he'd be shooting his load shortly. Glen quickly withdrew, spraying his seed over Brad's back, before his legs buckled and he partially collapsed on Brad.

Regaining his composure, he gave Brad a light slap on the rump and disengaged from his sweaty flesh. Glen wiped his cock on the curtain and, with a cheeky wink, he whispered, "I'll be back in a second."

Brad fell to his knees, exhausted, desperately hoping Glen would return so he could also do some fucking, his cock aching for release. When he recovered, he sat his bare arse on the seat, chuckling to himself, watching his nakedness in the mirror as he pulled and stroked his cock. He wondered who else could be walking about the shop while he was completely naked only feet from them.

In his profession he knew how careful you had to be, that eyes anywhere could be watching you. Never having been an exhibitionist he was now conjuring up all sorts of scenarios, eager to repeat the thrill this encounter was giving him.

Glen was back in a flash, smiling at him while he watched Brad jerking off. "Want me to suck you off?" he asked.

Brad nodded and Glen fell between his open thighs, his tongue licking up at Brad's balls, snuggling into the side of his groin before grabbing hold of his shaft to lap at the pre-come that was oozing out.

Glen's hot mouth covered Brad's knob and Brad laid his head back against the cold mirror, closing his eyes as he concentrated on what Glen's mouth was doing. He smiled. Who would have thought buying a new suit could end up with such an amazing outcome? How was it that he had managed to pick this store out of all the others in the city?

Glen's hand pumped wildly while his tongue tantalized Brad's knob. His other hand was massaging Brad's balls and then a finger was probing Brad's still wet hole. He wiggled his arse down a bit so Glen could sneak his finger in more comfortably.

A rustle of the curtains, they parted, neither guy heard or cared. A head popped over Glen's shoulder – the manager was having a peek. Glen didn't flinch; his eyes, though, were searching the manager's face. They stared at each other for a moment, a conspirator's look passing between them, then a smile spread across the manager's face.

It took Brad a minute or two of pleasure before he realized something wasn't quite right. He opened his eyes to see the old guy in there with them. He gasped, looking from one to the other. It was the manager's hand on his balls and Glen's finger up his

arse.

Glen pulled back, Brad's cock dropping from his mouth. The old guy picked it up and eagerly swallowed it down in one go, sucking hard while Glen came up to kiss him. They were squashed in the fitting room but it was the most amazing experience for Brad to have these two strangers pleasuring him.

"Get your trousers off, Glen," the manager said. "I want to see your cock."

As Glen shucked off his trousers, Brad thrust his cock upwards into the old guy's mouth while kissing Glen more passionately than he'd ever kissed another guy before. Within minutes Brad was coming, squirting down the old guy's throat. The old guy kept on sucking and Brad kept on coming, grinding down on his finger as he finger-fucked his hole.

Finally, Brad had had enough. He pushed the guy away from him, but he came back, latched onto Brad's limp sensitive cock, rolled it around his tongue to bring some life back into it, and then sucked harder. Brad peered down at the manager and laughed, unable to believe this was all happening.

"Get the rest of your clothes off," Brad ordered Glen as his cock began to swell.

Glen's body was magnificent and Brad had him bend over toward the mirror. Brad's cock was hard again and he pulled it out of the old guy's mouth and slipped it quickly into Glen's arse. Man, he was tight, real tight.

Brad, the lawyer, watched himself fucking Glen, while the old guy wanked at his cock, slapping it around as he eyed the spectacle of Brad fucking Glen. The phone began to ring but they all ignored it, each of them focusing on what gave them the most pleasure.

Brad knew he was coming and began to slam into Glen, fucking like crazy while Glen stroked himself off. Brad squirted his come all over Glen's muscled back, smearing it over him, before the old guy licked it clean.

The manager was the first to leave and Brad could only assume he was unlocking the door: surely he wouldn't have risked customers coming in while they'd been fucking their brains out.

"That was fucking amazing," Brad said to Glen.

"Wasn't it, though?" He laughed.

"Have you been following me? I've seen you often these last few weeks."

"To be honest, I changed lunch breaks with the manager and it was that first day that I saw you leaving your building. I wasn't sure if you worked there or were just visiting, so the next day I waited out front, hoping I'd see you again, and I did."

"How did you know I'd always leave at the same time?"

"Well, to be honest, I know one of the guys who works in the mail room and he knows someone on your floor. I'm not going to give names in case he gets in trouble. Anyway, every day when you leave for lunch he rings me and that's how I've been able to see you so often."

"How do you manage that with the old guy?"

"I promised him if I could lure you here that he could join in. I never in my wildest dreams thought you'd just roll up looking for a suit."

"So are you going to let him think you *lured* me here?"

"Of course, that way I'll have him in the palm of my hand. He already thinks the

sun shines out of my arsehole." He laughed.

"I think maybe you should be in my line of work: you'd come in handy in court calling someone's bluff."

Later, after they'd dressed, Brad went back to his office with a very pleased look on his face. He peered about his floor, wondering who the phone caller was.

"Well," his secretary said. "Did you get a suit?"

"Oh, shit," he said. "I forgot all about it."

"Where have you been, then?" she asked.

"Never mind," he said, rushing out the door. "I'll be back in a couple of hours."

He rushed back to the shop eager for another session in the fitting room, but this time he'd make sure he brought back the suit in case his secretary became suspicious.

COPPING A FEEL

Landon Dixon

I punched in the number, waited.

Lenny finally picked up his cell, squealed, "Yeah? What the fuck?"

"Get your ass down to the station house! Now! We've got some questions."

My voice could've been any cop, but me. With Lenny it didn't matter, it only mattered that it was a cop on the end of the line. He didn't know what it was about, either, but when you're a paid snitch, it could be about anything. And you'd better answer the bell – quick.

The light stayed on in the basement apartment. Lenny slipped out the front door of the crumbling, five-story brick building. He glanced right, left, hustled his skinny black ass down the darkened sidewalk. It was a twelve-block hike to the station house, and Lenny couldn't make bus fare.

I got out of the car and hoofed it down the sidewalk. Lenny heard the heavy clomp of my shoes. He swiveled his neck, stared, almost took off running down the sidewalk ahead of me. He couldn't make out my face in the night, just a big, dark, menacing body that was bearing down on him in long, hard strides. Lenny had a lot of enemies. I could've been any one of them.

I caught up with him as he was scampering across the street against the Don't Walk sign. "You just broke the law, Lenny," I growled, clamping a big hand down on a skinny shoulder.

His close-set, brown eyes just about bugged out of his bony face. He recognized me now. "Hey-hey, I gotta get down to the station! I just got a phone call!"

"Let it wait. I got business of my own with you, Lenny – personal business." I half carried the frightened little guy across the street, down the sidewalk and into an alley.

"W-what gives?" he jabbered. "If I had any tips, I'd tell 'em to you."

"You're talking too much – when you should be sucking."

His eyes darted down to the crotch of my pants. He stared at the bulge swelling up there. The guy had a big mouth, and he knew how to use it. For good and bad.

"What's the pay-off?" he grated now, eyes gone shrewd, face hard.

He was only twenty-three, still had some of the bloom of youth left on him, despite his years on the street. His lips were blue-black, plush and sensual, his tongue a neon-pink snake of impressive length and agility, his red, depthless mouth and throat elastic.

"This one's on the house, Lenny."

His avarice grin faded. “What!? Why the fuck should I—”

“Because you like it. Because you like big black cock stuffing your mouth and clogging your throat! That’s why!” I slammed both hands onto his shoulders, nailed him down to his knees in the garbage. He was in his element.

He opened his mouth to say something else, thought better of it, placed a hand on my hard-on and rubbed.

I grunted, heat shimmering up from my dick and through my groin and body. The guy’s small dark hands gleamed in the cloud-shrouded moonlight. They were dirty, fingernails chewed to the bone, but they were knowing, caressing and rubbing. Lenny hooked the skinny fingers of his right hand around my outlined dong and shifted his palm up and down, using the fingers of his other hand to latch onto my balls in my pants, squeeze and twist.

I gazed down at the punk’s wild, three-inch Afro, at his upturned, grinning face, at those hands of his at play on my pipe and sac, building a fire in my loins. He had me pumped up full length in seconds, my balls tight and boiling.

“Take it out. Suck on it.”

He could take orders, was used to it. He slowly unzipped my fly, running the zipper over the massive, throbbing hump of blood-engorged flesh beneath. Then he slid his hand in, both hands. He pulled my dong out into the open night air, out there in that stinking alley.

My cock shone black and lethal, pulsating in Lenny’s palms. He breathed over it, stuck out his tongue and licked the vein-ribboned length of it, from bloated cap to pube-pebbled base. I shuddered, shifted, my cock jumping in the punk’s hands, up against his lips.

He gripped my bare balls and shaft, swirled his hand up and down my prick, milking my sac. His one little hand moved faster, really polishing my dong, his other hand gripping harder, really pulling on my bag. I whipped handcuffs out of my pocket and spun Lenny around on his knees, cuffed his skinny wrists together behind his back.

He wasn’t going to jack me to joy. He wasn’t getting off that easy.

I walked around in front of him, cock bobbing, pointing, huge and threatening at his face. He opened his mouth in surrender, and I shot my cap home.

“Fuck!” I groaned, the guy’s soft, wet lips sealing around my knob, sucking like it was second nature.

His eyes shone up at me, his lips working, cheeks billowing in and out. I felt the tip of his tongue press against my slit, warm and wet and writhing. Then I felt the sharp points of his teeth as he bit into my hood.

Lenny was having some fun. I was having none of it. I slapped his face, smacked it the other way, my cock springing out of his mouth in a spray of saliva.

He instinctively strained against the handcuffs. But there was nothing he could do but suck. He opened his mouth up wider and I rammed my dong into the red velvet cavern.

My dick glided over his tongue and bent down his throat, filling his mouth. He didn’t bat an eye, gag a bit. His lips closed over my shaft, his mouth encasing my cock, throat stuffed with the swollen member.

His face beat with my meat. Lenny could deep-throat, it was one of his few

talents.

I shot my thick fingers into his bushy hair, grabbing hold. My cock was locked up solid in his face, submerged in wet, heated satin, every pulsing inch of it up to the balls. I shook, shaking Lenny, the sexual pressure intense.

Then I pumped my hips, his face, thrusting back and forth. Spit drooled out of the corners of his crammed mouth and his flared nostrils sucked for air, his eyes watering only a little. I slammed into his mouth and down his throat, hard-fucking the punk's face.

He was hot and moist and tight as any hole on a man or woman, his cushioning tongue and gripping lips and clasping throat heightening the sordid sensations. I had to pull all the way back, pop out twitching and dripping, before I blew my load down Lenny's throat.

He licked his lips and grinned up at me, mouth hanging open. I fed him my balls, pinching the pair at the top and dropping the tightened sac into his mouth. He sealed his lips around it and sucked, tea-bagging with as much talent and appetite as he deep-throated.

I pinched his nose, smacked his cheek. He sucked even harder, really vaccing my nuts, slapping them around with his tongue. My cock stretched out over his face, looming molten as a rod of steel. Sweat beaded my forehead and ran down into my glaring eyes.

I pulled my balls out of Lenny's mouth, plugged my cock back in. Gripping his small ears, I really fucked his face, pounding my dong into his mouth and throat. Snot bubbled out of his nose and rolled down onto my churning, shining shaft. Sweat poured off my face and down onto his.

His throat constricted around my plunging cap, lips riding shaft, tongue bathing. I lost control, fucking Lenny's face in a frenzy. Then I bucked, howled, blasted, ramming my lust home as deep and hot and heavy as it would go.

Jolt after jolt of blistering joy made me jump, cock-bursting ecstasy into Lenny's mouth and throat. He swallowed hard and fast, taking every drop of my sizzling come. Then licked his lips with satisfaction in the dismal moonlight on the floor of that dirty alley, when I flopped out of his mouth, spent, for now.

"Gonna turn me in for police brutality, Lenny?"

He grinned. "Only if you don't fuck my sorry ass down at the station house, copper."

He laughed and nodded his head when I uncuffed one of his wrists; frowned and cursed when I locked the bracelet ring onto a metal rung in the wall of one of the buildings.

I was out of the alley and striding back the way I'd come before the punk could cry me a river.

I pushed my way inside the dilapidated building. Lenny's subterranean apartment was two flights down. The battered gray door was locked. I picked it open and went inside, down the pitch-black hallway to the strip of light cracking out the bottom of the bedroom door. I shoved it open.

A huge, naked black man was leather-cuffed by the wrists to a steel chain that ran up to an iron eyehook embedded in the ceiling. He was stretched out up on his toes,

muscular arms pulled taut over his head. His ebony body gleamed under the single overhead bulb, horse cock jutting out from his groin shiny with spit.

"Hiya, Clarence," I said. But he couldn't respond, what with the ball gag in his mouth. His large brown eyes stared into mine.

There were various sexual torture devices mounted up on the walls and strewn about on the floor of the small bedroom/dungeon. The window high up in a corner was rendered opaque with dirt. I picked up a pair of nipple clamps and walked up to the cuffed and chained giant, fastened them onto his thick licorice nipples.

His eyes rolled back in his head, his body jerked, as I twisted the clamps – painfully, pleasurably. Then I stepped back and stripped off my own clothes. My cock stretched out hard and black as the man in front of me.

I popped off the clamps and applied my mouth, tonguing and sucking on one fiercely erect nipple, the other. Clarence shivered. I swirled my wet, pink mouth-organ all around the rubbery buds, painting them harder and higher still. Until they shone like his dick. I bit into them.

There was a studded leather cock-choker lying on the floor. I reapplied the nipple clamps, picked up the cock-choker, wrapped it around the base of Clarence's nightstick. I pulled it tight, tighter.

The big guy groaned from around his gag, sweat trickling from his shaven pits down the sides of his barrel-staved upper body. His straining dong engorged even more, the choker bloating it out huger.

I dropped to my knees at his club, slapped the purpled appendage one way, the other. He jerked, rattling his chain. I sucked his blue-black cap into my mouth and sank my teeth into his shaft.

Clarence spasmed, thick lips writhing around the orange ball in his mouth, eyes glaring down at me. His squeezed slab of dark meat wasn't numb enough not to feel the pressure of my teeth, the wet warmth of my mouth. I inched my lips down his pipe, started sucking on it.

I gripped his bulging, shaved sac and tugged on it, twisted it, as I pushed my head back and forth, glided my mouth up and down his dong. Until I tasted salty tears of pre-come leaking out of his slit.

Then I lashed his balls tight together with a strip of cord I found on the floor, and got to my feet. I moved around in behind. The view from the backside was just as spectacular, Clarence's buttocks twin molded mounds of thick, plush, black-velvet flesh.

I gripped the pair, squeezed, plied. I smacked them with my open hands, hard. Clarence jumped forward, his bound prong spearing up into the air.

I grabbed onto the guy's prick to hold him steady. Then I fashioned my big hand into a hard, flat blade and slashed it across his rump. His cry of passion broke through the ball gag. I whacked his humped rear end again and again and again, savagely spanking him. He shuddered with every brutal handblast, his cheeks rippling, his cock surging in my other hand.

Only when the gunshot cracks of skin against skin became one continuous sound, the man's whaled buttocks burning hot to the touch, did I stop the one frenzy. And start the other.

I lubed my cock, his crack. I thrust in between his beaten cheeks. His butt

cleavage was deep and hot and smooth, heavy cheeks enveloping my pulsating prick. I grasped his muscled pecs and pumped my hips, furiously frotting.

His whole bristling body was dewed with perspiration now, like mine. I tongued sweat off the corded muscles of his shoulders, from his tree-trunk neck, as I pistoned his crack. Until my own raging cock bubbled pre-come.

I pulled back, stabbed forward, driving my beefy cap up against Clarence's pucker. He stiffened, every massive muscle on his stretched body tightening with tension.

I plowed my hood through his resisting ring and into his gripping chute – followed immediately by inches and inches of throbbing hard shaft. I didn't stop stuffing his anus until my balls pressed against his buttocks.

I felt his tremors of delight all through me, his ass muscles clamping my cock even tighter. I pumped, gripping his chest with one hand, his own turgid meat with the other, ferociously fucking the man's ass.

I churned and churned his chute, reaming his anus, slamming into his ass over and over again. Digging my fingernails into his clenched pecs and tugging on his cock in rhythm. My thighs cracked off his bruised buttocks, rocking him, cocking him, my grunts steaming into his ears, teeth biting into his neck.

Then I jerked, jolted by searing orgasm. My thrusting prick exploded in Clarence's ass, blasting him full of heated seed, as his trussed-up cock went off in my riding hand, shooting ropes of sperm out the tip. We danced together in white-hot ecstasy, he on the end of his chain, I on the end of his ass.

I was gone before Lenny got back from his bum steer. Leaving it up to Clarence to explain what had happened, if he so wanted. The big guy was still locked up on his toes, semen dripping from his ass and cock.

For me, it was simple: Clarence had been mine, Lenny had taken him away, and you don't steal from a cop and expect to get away with it.

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